

ALL TRUE

Illustrated

Romance

10c

JAN

1955





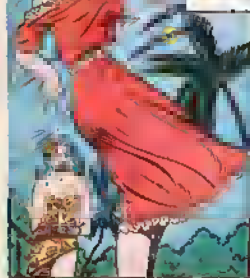
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IT WAS WONDERFUL TO BE
BACK IN HONOLULU AFTER
THE GRASSING YEARS OF
SCHOOL IN CALIFORNIA...
NOTHING HAD CHANGED...

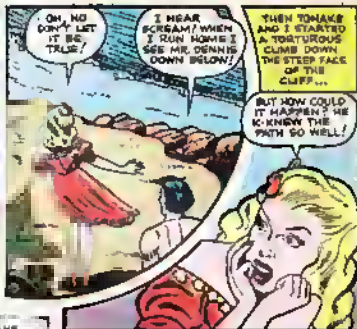
UHM... THE
AIR IS LIKE
PERFUME!

IN POETRY AND
SONG, THE LOVELY
ISLANDS OF HAWAII
EMERALDS SET IN A SAPPHIRE
SEA... BUT I, MORIE DENNIS,
SAW BOTH SIDES AND KNEW
FEAR AND DESPAIR UNTIL
FINALLY I WAS TO FIND
WHAT I SOUGHT...

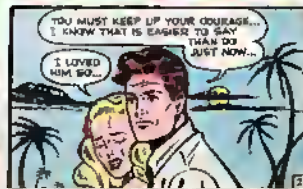


FATHER?
WHAT'S
WRONG?

MISS MORIE! COME
QUICK! YOUR FATHER
THE CLIFF...



IT WAS TRUE, FATHER WASN'T BREATHING! THE SHOCK WAS TOO MUCH... ONLY MINUTES AGO I WAS SO HAPPY. BUT NOW... I HARDLY NOTICED THE STRANGER APPROACH...



LATER, OUR OVERSEER,
CHARLES GUTTMAN, CAME
WITH SOME MEN AND TOOK
CHARGE OF MATTERS...

DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT
A THING, MISS DENNIS! I'LL
SEE THAT EVERYTHING IS
PROPERLY HANDLED!

I THANK YOU, MR. GUTTMAN!

THEN THAT IS
SETTLED! COME
ALONG, MORIE,
I'LL SEE
YOU HOME!

A MONTH
PASSED! THE VERDICT
OF THE INQUEST WAS
ACCIDENTAL DEATH! I WAS STILL
TRYING TO GET FATHER'S AFFAIRS
IN ORDER, WHEN ONE NIGHT...

MR. CHAPMAN
TO SEE YOU
MISS MORIE!

GOOD
EVENING!

YOU CAN'T BROOD
FOREVER YOUNG
LADY! HOW ABOUT
TAKING A DRIVE
TO HONOLULU?
IT'S A PERFECT
NIGHT!

I DON'T
KNOW,
FRANK!
THERE'S
SO MUCH
TO DO...

AS I DRESSED FOR THE RIDE
I ADMITTED THAT FRANK WAS
RIGHT! I HAD BEEN BROODING
TOO MUCH.

ALONE IN THE
BIG HOUSE! AND I
LIKE FRANK!
HE'S SO KIND AND
UNDERSTANDING.

BUT ON MY WAY TO THE VERANDA,
WHERE FRANK WAS WAITING...

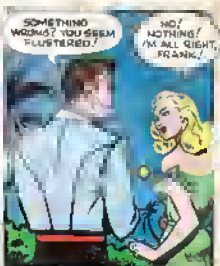
MORIE, I'D LIKE
TO TALK WITH
YOU! IT'S RATHER
IMPORTANT!

HOW STRANGE! HE
GUTTMAN CALLING
ME MORIE!

OH!
IT'S
YOU, MR.
GUTTMAN!

IF YOU WISH TO
DISCUSS BUSINESS,
MR. GUTTMAN, IT
CAN WAIT
UNTIL
TOMORROW...

CALL ME CHARLES! WE'LL
BE SEEING A LOT OF EACH
OTHER NOW... JUST THE TWO
OF US MANAGING THIS BIG
PLANTATION.



THE NIGHT HE FELL... OR WAS PUSHED! I SAW HIM THAT NIGHT FROM MY COTTAGE AS HE WENT TOWARD THE CLIFF! HE WAS WITH ANOTHER MAN! YOUR OVERSEER... CHARLES GUTTMAN!

FRANK, DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING!

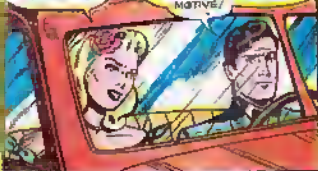
I KNOW BUT WHEN YOUR DAD WAS FOUND, GUTTMAN HAD TO BE SENT FOR! AND HE SEEMED SO SURPRISED



FOR ALMOST AN HOUR FRANK TALKED! WITH EVERY WORD I BREW MORE AND MORE POSITIVE THAT THERE HAD BEEN ONE GOD ABOUT FATHINK'S DEATH!

WHAT DO YOU THINK I SHOULD DO, FRANK?

NOTHING! AND MUM'S THE WORD! WE HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO PROOF! OR EVEN A MOTIVE!



LOOKS LIKE ALL THE SERVANTS HAVE RETIRED!

STRANGE! I'M NOT FRIGHTENED NOW! THAT FRANK IS WITH ME...

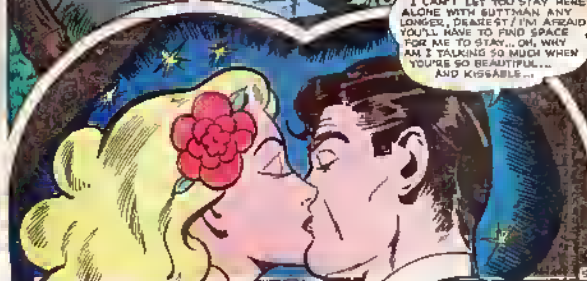


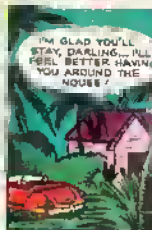
THIS ISN'T THE BEST TIME TO TELL YOU, MORGIE... BUT I LOVE YOU!

I LOVE YOU FRANK...



I CAN'T LET YOU STAY HERE ALONE WITH GUTTMAN ANY LONGER, DEAREST! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND SPACE FOR ME TO STAY... OH, WHY AM I TALKING SO MUCH WHEN YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL... AND KISSABLE...





I'M GLAD YOU'LL STAY, DARLING... I'LL FEEL BETTER HAVING YOU AROUND THE HOUSE!



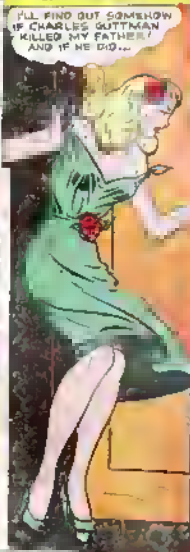
WOULDN'T YOU COME INSIDE FOR A CHAT?



I'VE GOT TO! PERHAPS THIS WAY I CAN FIND OUT SOMETHING!

A'ALL RIGHT...

FRANK HAD TO GO TO HIS COTTAGE FOR SOME APPAREL AND SUDDENLY THE HOUSE BECAME GHOSTLY AND SINISTER...



I'LL FIND OUT SOMEHOW IF CHARLES GUTTMAN KILLED MY FATHER! AND IF HE DID...



SURPRISE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING NEAR MY ROOM?

JUST PASSING BY, MR. GUTTMAN I USED THE SIDE ENTRANCE WHEN I CAME IN!



HOW ABOUT A LITTLE WINE, MORIE?

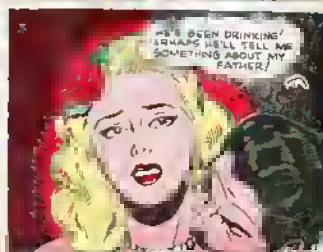
NO THANKS MR. GUTTMAN! WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED TO TALK ABOUT?



IT CAN WAIT BABY BUT I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER TO KISS YOU! I'M MAD ABOUT YOU MORIE

OH, PLEASE

HE'S HORRID!



HE'S BEEN DRINKING! SOMEONE'S GOT TO TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT MY FATHER!

I THOUGHT YOU
MIGHT NEED ME
MORE. I SEE
I WAS
WRONG.

DO YOU
USUALLY
BURST IN
ON PEOPLE
LIKE THIS?

FRANK!

ONLY WHEN I'M BEING A
CHUMP! YOU SEE NOT LESS
THAN AN HOUR AGO SHE
WAS IN MY ARMS! BUT IF
SHE PREFERS THE MAN WHO
PROBABLY MURDERED HER
FATHER, THAT'S HER
BUSINESS!

NOT SO FAST!
WHAT WAS THAT
CRACK ABOUT
YOUR FATHER?

LET ME GO!
I'VE GOT TO
STOP HIM AND
EXPLAIN!

PLEASE!
YOU'RE
HURTING
ME!

TRYING TO FRAME ME, EH! BUT NOW
I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I SAW THAT
NIGHT! YOUR PRECIOUS FRANK WAS
WITH YOUR FATHER JUST BEFORE
HE DIED! I SAW THEM!

I WAS
BRING
DRAWN
INTO SOME
SORT OF
DREADFUL
NIGHTMARE
AND I WAS
HELPLESS
TO DEFEND
MYSELF!
IN A BLACK
EASE,
GUTTMAN
CRUSHED
MY ARMS
AND
LOOKED
INTO MY
FACE...

HE PUSHED HIM!
HE EVEN TOLD ME NOT
TO TELL WHAT I SAW!

YOU LIE!

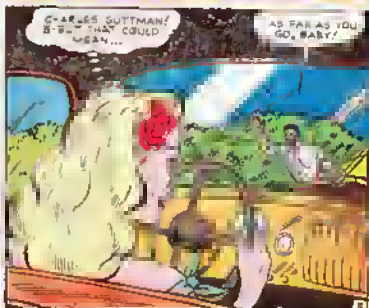
YOU LIE!

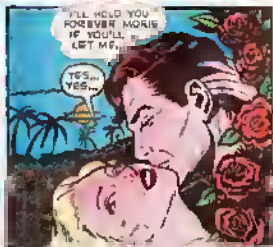
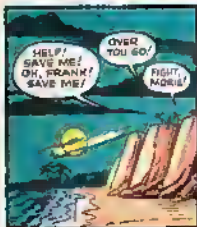
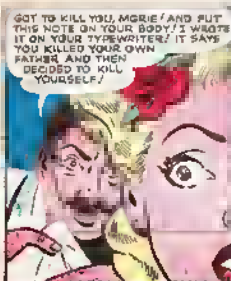
OH, MY EYES
YOU LITTLE...

AN
INSTANT
LATER I
WAS OUT
OF THE
ROOM
AND
RUNNING
IN A
FRIGHTENED
DAZE...
OOOLA
OPENED
HER
CHAMBER
DOOR...

MIDS MORIE!
WHAT IS
WRONG?

COME QUICKLY OOOOLA
AND
YOU MUST DO EXACTLY
AS I TELL YOU!





OUT OF TERROR AND DOUBT CAME MY ONE GREAT LOVE AND THEN IT WAS HAPPINESS FOREVER ON THE ISLE CALLED PARADISE!

THE END

The Bride Who WOULDN'T

AT THE VERY LAST MINUTE, GLORIA KENT WOULDN'T WALK DOWN THE AISLE TO ACCEPT HER WEDDING RING! THIS DIDN'T MEAN SHE HAD FALLEN OUT OF LOVE... IT MEANT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HER LIFE SHE KNEW WHAT **REAL** LOVE WAS!



GLORIA WAS GIVEN A SURPRISE PARTY BY HER FELLOW WORKERS AT THE OFFICE... BUT HER SMILE OF DELIGHT SOON ENDED...

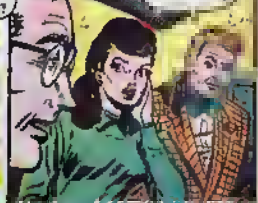
WE WON'T BE AT YOUR WEDDING GLORIA SO WE PLANNED A MOCK WEDDING RIGHT HERE! WHAT DO YOU SAY?

OH, NO... THAT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT, WOULD IT?

SURE! WHY NOT?

LET'S SEE... NOW YOU'D MAKE A GOOD GROOM! I'LL BE THE PREACHER!

I'VE AN IDEA GLORIA WOULD RATHER NOT CHUCK... PERHAPS YOU OUGHT TO FORGET IT!



GRATEFULLY
GLORIA MET
JOE WATSON'S
EYES. BUT
THERE WAS
NO MESSAGE
TO HER THERE.
IN FACT, FOR
AN INSTANT
SHE THOUGHT
SHE DETECTED
SOMETHING
DEEPER,
THAN JUST
UNDER-
STANDING...

WE WON'T TAKE
NO FOR AN ANSWER!
LINE UP, YOU TWO!

I'LL BING THE
WEDDING MARCH
YOU CAN BE THE
BRIDESMAID PEG

LET'S GO,
PREACHER...

WITH THIS TELEPHONE
DIRECTORY I SHALL
READ THE MARRIAGE
SERVICE!

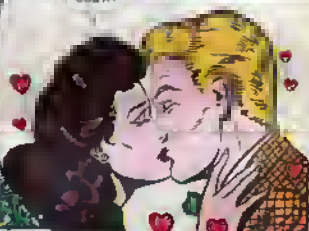


GO ON, JOE... PUT THE
CASAR BAND ON HER
FINGER! WE'RE WAITING
TO KISS THE BRIDE

JOE KISSES HER
FIRST! LOOK!
SHE'S ACTUALLY
A BLUSHING
BRIDE!

WELL, WE
CAN'T SPOIL
THEIR LITTLE
GAME NOW,
JOE...

I'M SORRY
YOU HAD TO
GO THROUGH
THIS, GLORIA...



WONDERFUL
BEST DARN
WEDDING EVER
PERFORMED

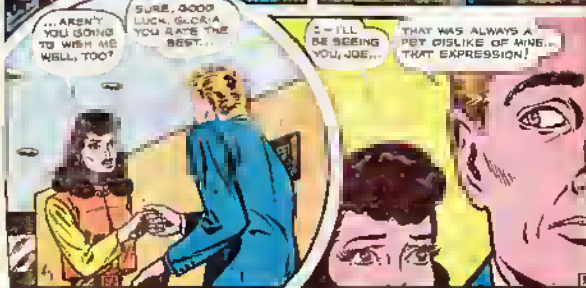
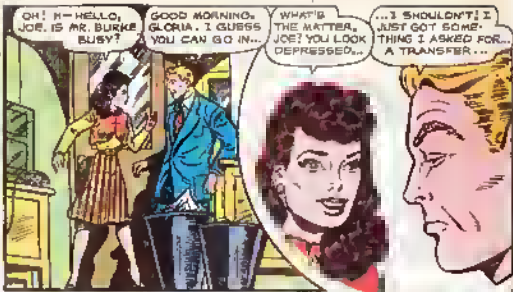
LET ME BY,
IT'S MY TURN
TO KISS THE
BRIDE!

HE'S LEAVING... HE HATED
IT. I DON'T BLAME HIM... THIS
IS ALL SO EMBARRASSING

CONGRATULATIONS,
JOE!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, GLORIA WAS ON HER WAY TO THE OFFICE OF HER EMPLOYER TO BID HIM GOODBYE, WHEN...





GLORIA'S VOICE
FALTERED...
SEEING JOE
AGAIN
WAS MORE
THAN SHE
COULD
BEAR...SHE
FELT
HERSELF
SWAYING
TOWARD
HIM... AND
HIS ARMS
REACHED
OUT...

I'D BETTER
GO ALONG...

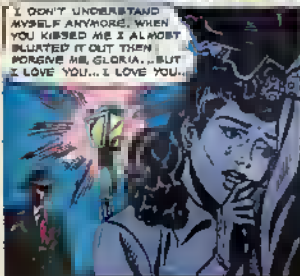
JOE, WHAT
SHALL I DO?
YOU MUST
KNOW NOW
I FEEL...

A PERSON CAN'T
HELP WHAT THEY
FEEL... CAN THEY?
JOE? I'M STILL
FRED AND MY
HEART IS... IS...

I KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE TRYING TO
SAY, OH, GLORIA...
GLORIA, DARLING!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND
MYSELF ANYMORE. WHEN
YOU KISSED ME I ALMOST
BLURTED IT OUT THEN
FORGIVE ME, GLORIA... BUT
I LOVE YOU... I LOVE YOU...



THAT WAS A TENDER
SCENE. CONSIDERING
IT WAS PLAYED RIGHT
OUT IN PUBLIC, GLORIA

FRED. I...
I DIDN'T
EXPECT
YOU THIS
EVENING



OBVIOUSLY! NOW GET ALONG
HOME BEFORE I LOSE MY
TEMPER COMPLETELY! WE'LL
DISCUSS THIS LATER! AS
FOR YOU...

TAKE IT
EASY WITH
HER, PAL!

YOU'VE GOT A WIDE
STREAK OF BULLY IN
YOU THAT'S MIGHTY
UNATTRACTIVE!



THE BLOW
THAT
MOMENTARILY
STUNNED
FRED WALKER
HAD A
LIKENEED
EFFECT ON
GLORIA... BUT
WHEN JOE
STARTED AWAY
FROM THE
SCENE, SHE
SUDDENLY
GOT CONTROL
OF HERSELF...



DON'T
GO, JOE!
WAIT!

I'M SORRY, GLORIA,
IT'S BEST THAT I
LEAVE...

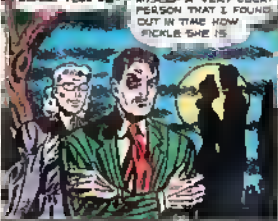
BUT I LOVE
YOU! I'M NOT
GOING TO
MARRY FRED
I COULDN'T

GLORIA! WHAT
ON EARTH IS
GOING ON OUT
HERE?



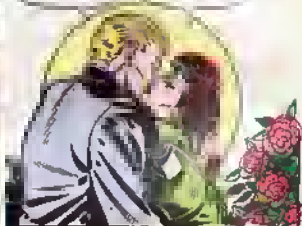
FRED, WHAT
HAS HAPPENED?
WILL SOMEONE
PLEASE TELL ME!

YOUR DAUGHTER JUST
HAD A CHANGE OF
HEART AND I CONSIDER
MYSELF A VERY LUCKY
PERSON THAT I FOUND
OUT IN TIME HOW
FICKLE SHE IS



THIS IS LIKE
A BEAUTIFUL
DREAM COMING
TRUE, DAWLING

THIS IS NO DREAM,
JOE... THIS IS VERY
REAL... AND
WONDERFUL!



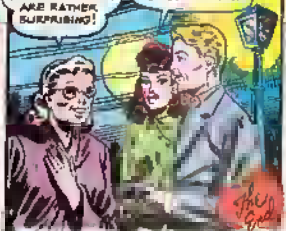
YOU'D BETTER TAKE
THIS BACK, FRED... I
DON'T WANT IT ANY
MORE! I'M SORRY
THINGS TURNED OUT
LIKE THIS, BUT...

SOMEHOW I'M SURE
EVERYTHING HAS
TURNED OUT JUST
AS IT SHOULD FOR
ALL CONCERNED!



I THINK HE WAS
AS RELIEVED AS
HE WAS ANGRY,
CHILDREN! OF
COURSE YOU TWO
ARE RATHER
SURPRISING!

THANKS FOR BEING SO
UNDERSTANDING,
MOTHER, BUT IT REALLY
ISN'T ANY SURPRISE
TO JOE AND I...



Joe
Gloria

Passion's Bargain

by

Thelma Bercher

THE girl was slim and ash blonde. Good features. A straight nose, somewhat on the pert side, and a full patrician mouth. Lyaa Morton approved of the girl, but yes. Something to see. Then he noticed her hands, and what they were doing, and stopped approving. Not that her hands weren't very nice hands. They were. Long tapering fingers, with not too red nails against soft white skin. Well cared for hands. And very busy just at the moment — stowing away expensive gloves in a capacious handbag.

Lynn sighed. One of the oldest tricks in the business. Direct the shop girl's attention elsewhere, then snatch. He sidled a little closer to the blonde girl, watching without seeming to. Golly! She was bold, or a rank amateur who had never heard of store detectives. Or both. Lynn sighed again. This was going to spoil his whole day, having to arrest such a girl. Beautiful girl! There — another pair of the expensive gloves went into the bag. Must have half the store in that bag by now.

He followed her as she headed toward the door. Let her get through the door, or almost through it, and then he would have her cold. The same sad old story. He looked into a mirror as he passed and saw that his own handsome face was sour and frowning. How he hated this job. He was too young for it, really. And too sensitive. You needed to be old and leathery and cynical like Joe Gould, the other store cop. That way you got a certain pleasure out of pulling them in.

The girl approached the door, hesitated, glanced around, and then headed back for the stairs. Lynn tagged along behind her. Then across the floor, he saw Joe Gould. Joe nodded, swiftly, toward the girl. He had spotted her also. Was moving rapidly toward her, ready to grab her arm. Joe was always glad to make an arrest, and didn't care if his victims — if you could call them that — attempted to leave the store or not.

For a moment Lyaa felt relief. Good! Let Joe make the pinch. Then, suddenly, he knew he couldn't do it. Not to this girl. He quickened his pace, reached the stairs leading down to the bargain basement at the same time Joe did.

"I know," he said. "I pegged her. Let me do it." Looking downward, he could see the girl's straight back just disappearing around a corner of the stair.

Joe Gould stared at him with cold, fiddled eyes that always reminded Lyaa of a bird of prey.

"What you waiting for?" he rasped. "I been watching that dame for half an hour. So have you. She's got a hundred bucks worth of gloves in that bag. You waiting till she steals the elevators?"

Lynn shouldered him aside. "Stop yapping," he said. "I told you I'll take care of her. Plenty of time for it. The more we find on her the easier it will be to convict her." He plunged down the stairs, leaving Joe staring after him, thinking that he had never really liked Joe from the first.

He found the girl at a table in the dinky tea room. Her bag and parcels were piled on the table beside her. Lynn pulled out a chair and sat down, knowing exactly what he was going to say and do.

"So it's tea you want," he said. "I thought so. You wouldn't want the shoddy stuff they sell down here in the bargain basement."

Her red lips formed a surprised O. "W-who are you? What do you want? I'm alone and I prefer it that way."

Lynn glanced around, saw that no one was watching them, and reached for her bag. He took out the gloves, easily a hundred dollars worth. Expensive, imported stuff. He watched her stiffen, her face red, as he counted the gloves. Her voice, when she spoke, was cold and remote.

"You saw me."

He nodded. "Never mind that now. Just listen to me. I'm crazy today — so I'm letting you go. I'll get this stuff back somehow. But for Pete's sake will you promise me something? Cut it out. You're terrible. And you can't win. You're a lovely girl and jail wouldn't help your complexion a bit. Now scram before I change my mind, or forget it's spring."

He heard her say "thank you" and when he looked again she was gone. Lynn sighed once more. It meant his job, of course.

Sure enough, a half hour later he was summoned to the executive offices on the ninth floor. Well—he had never liked the job anyway!

As he entered Mr. Carlson's office the first person he saw was the girl. The same girl, smiling at him now. And Mr.

Carlson, the president, was smiling, too, and patting the girl on the shoulder. Lynn was dazed. "Excuse me," he stammered. "I must be in the wrong place or — or something."

"No," said Mr. Carlson. "No mistake has been made. This is my daughter, Mr. Morton. She sometimes aids me in these little projects, and since she isn't well known to the employees she was a natural for this one. Just a checkup, you see. Trying to find out if the store operatives were, in a manner of speaking, on their toes. Keeping alert. She says you passed with flying colors. Good! Fine! But nevertheless, Mr. Morton, we're taking you out of the security department. Another job, as assistant section manager..."

Lynn got through it somehow. Afterwards the girl followed him out into the hallway.

He said, "I still don't get it, Miss Carlson. Why didn't he fire me?"


"My name is Felice. And he didn't fire you because I didn't tell him you let me go. I said you caught me, which was the truth. He took it for granted that I explained everything to you, and he was so pleased that I didn't have a bit of trouble getting you the new job. You deserve it, you know. And, as you told me, you're terrible. As a cop, I mean. You've got a heart."

"But why did you do it?"

Her eyes were soft as she looked him up and down. "I'm not exactly sure yet. Call it impulse, maybe. Or call it spring, as you did. But I'm sure it will all work out all right. Beginning tonight at dinner."

And it did work out.

The WRONG KIND OF Love!


A man with dark hair, wearing a yellow and black plaid shirt, is shown in profile, gesturing with his right hand while talking to a woman. The woman has blonde hair and is wearing a red dress. She has a surprised or concerned expression. They are in a room with a window in the background showing a blue sky.

EVERY GIRL DREAMS OF THE DAY REAL ROMANCE WILL COME HER WAY... GINDY WELLS KNEW WHAT HER HEART WANTED, BUT SHE HAD MORE IN STORE FOR HER THAN SHE BARGAINED FOR... ONE DAY, NOT TOO LONG AGO...

A scene inside a paper factory. Gindy Wells, a blonde woman in a green shirt, is sitting at a desk with several large rolls of paper. She is looking towards the left. In the background, another woman with dark hair is working at a similar desk. There are framed pictures on the wall.

GINDY WORKED IN A PAPER FACTORY WHERE SHE ROLLED CALENDARS TO BE SHIPPED TO ALL PARTS OF THE

I WONDER IF THIS ONE WILL GO TO A MAN WHO'S AS LONELY AS I AM... OR TO SOMEONE VERY UNWISDOM WHO'LL USE IT TO MARK OFF HIS DATES...

A close-up of Gindy Wells. She is looking down at a calendar or a small picture in her hands. She has a thoughtful or perhaps slightly nervous expression. The background is a solid red color.

I'M GOING TO PUT MY NAME AND ADDRESS ON IT! NO ONE HERE WILL KNOW... AND MAYBE, JUST MAYBE IT WILL BRING SOMEONE WONDERFUL INTO MY LIFE!

EACH DAY CINDY WOULD HURRY HOME TO HER BOARDING HOUSE IN THE HOPE THAT SHE MIGHT HAVE MAIL...

NO MAIL, CHILD... WHO ARE YOU EXPECTING TO HEAR FROM?

NO ONE, I GUESS... IT'S JUST THAT I THOUGHT MAYBE THERE'D BE MAIL...

BUT JUST WHEN SHE WAS ABOUT TO GIVE UP, A LETTER DID ARRIVE...

FOR ME! OH, AT LAST! WHAT NICE HANDWRITING! I'LL TAKE IT TO MY ROOM... CAN'T WAIT TO READ IT!

FROM TEXAS! "DEAR MISS CINDY, THE MOMENT I READ YOUR NAME I LIKED IT. NOW DON'T THINK I'M BOLD BUT I WAS WONDERING IF...

WEEKS LATER, CINDY HAD SOMETHING MIGHTY REAL TO DREAM ABOUT...

HE WANTS ME TO COME TO TEXAS! BUT EVEN IF HE PAYS HALF OF MY FARE LIKE HE SAID, WHERE WILL I GET THE MONEY?

HE WANTS ME TO WRITE! WHAT A STRONG FACE! HE LOOKS STERN, BUT I CAN TELL FROM THE WAY HE WROTE, THAT HE'S VERY NICE! LES SIMPSON, DALLAS, TEXAS... YES, I'LL WRITE TO HIM...

CINDY DID BABY-SITTING, EVENINGS TO ADD TO HER MEAGRE SAVINGS, AND WHEN SHE WASN'T DREAMING OF LES, SHE WAS WRITING TO HIM...

STRANGE THAT HE SHOULD HAVE A GENERAL DELIVERY ADDRESS...

FINALLY, THE ENCHANTED DAY CAME WHEN CINDY ACTUALLY PACKED FOR THE JOURNEY TO TEXAS... NO MATTER HOW MUCH TIME SHE ALLOWED HERSELF, AT THE LAST MINUTE SHE WAS IN A FRANTIC RUSH TO CATCH HER TRAIN...

GOOD MORNING, MISS WELLS! WHAT'S YOUR HURRY? I HAVE SOME TEXAS MAIL FOR YOU!

...I WON'T HAVE TIME TO READ IT NOW... I'LL SAVE IT FOR WHEN I'M ON THE TRAIN...

GOSH, I HOPE NOTHING'S WRONG! I CERTAINLY DIDN'T EXPECT TO GET A LAST MINUTE LETTER LIKE THIS...

"DEAR CINDY, I'VE CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT YOU COMING TO TEXAS! I DON'T THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA AT ALL!" OHK... NOW WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

I - I KNOW I SAID I WAS GOING TO DALLAS, BUT IT'S BETTER, GET OFF HERE, CONDUCTOR!

SAY, YOU'RE IN TROUBLE MISS, AREN'T YOU? IS IT BECAUSE A YOUNG MAN WHO WAS GOING TO MEET YOU LET YOU DOWN?

HELLO, CONDUCTOR! SOMETHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?

NOT FOR ME, MA'AM, BUT YOU MIGHT TRY TO HELP OUT THIS YOUNG LADY!

OH, REALLY, I DON'T WANT TO BOTHER ANYONE...

AS SOON AS CINDY'S STORY WAS TOLD, THE FRIENDLY WOMAN SPOKE IN A FIRM VOICE...

I THINK THIS WOULD PROVE VERY INTERESTING TO THE LOCAL POLICE, CINDY!

POLICE! OH, NO! I'LL MANAGE TO GET HOME SOMEHOW!



CINDY BURNED WITH SHAME AS SHE MET THE SEARCHING, FRIENDLY EYES OF THE YOUNG SHERIFF... NOW SHE WISHED SHE HAD NEVER HEARD THE NAME OF LES SIMPSON... EVEN THOUGH EVERYONE WAS BEING KIND, HER FEARS WERE DIFFICULT TO RESTRAIN...

WE'LL SEE THAT YOU GET HOME ON THE NEXT TRAIN CINDY, BUT THAT WILL BE TOMORROW.

...AND YOU'RE SURE YOUR SISTER WON'T MIND, BILL?

...YOU'LL LIKE MY SISTER MARY, MISS SHE'S ALWAYS HELPING ME OUT ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!

HELPING YOU... I SHOULD SAY SHE'S HELPING ME... BUT I STILL WOULD BE WILLING TO SIT IN THAT STATION RATHER THAN PUT PEOPLE TO ALL THIS TROUBLE...



MARY WE'VE GOT A BORDER UNTIL MORNING! THIS IS CINDY WELLS!

COME RIGHT IN, MISS WELLS, I WELCOME A WOMAN'S COMPANY AROUND HERE FOR A CHANGE...



CINDY COULDN'T FIND HER VOICE TO ANSWER... THE MAN SEATED AT THAT TABLE WAS LES SIMPSON! THE WHOLE EXPERIENCE WAS TOO MUCH... CINDY FELT A BLACKNESS CLOSING IN ON HER... AND SHE FOUGHT DESPERATELY AGAINST IT...



BOTH MARY AND SHERIFF BILL WERE ABOUT TO COME TO HER AND CINDY CALLED UPON ALL RESERVE STRENGTH AND DASHED FROM THE RANCH HOUSE...

WHAT'S AILING YOU, GIRL? COME BACK HERE! CINDY! COME BACK!

NO... LET ME ALONE...

NO MATTER WHAT THEY THINK OF ME, I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM LES SIMPSON!



ACROSS
ROCKS AND
THROUGH THE
STINKING,
TEARING BUSH,
CINDY RAN
UNTIL SHEER
EXHAUSTION
CLAIMED HER
AND SHE SANK
TEARFULLY TO
THE GROUND
KNOWING SHE
HAD LOST...

CINDY! WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH YOU?
GET UP, GIAL... THIS IS
RATTLER COUNTRY!



THAT WASN'T VERY
FRIENDLY OF YOU,
CINDY! MARY IS
PLAIN SPOKEN,
BUT...

OH, IT WASN'T
MARY! SHE
WAS WONDERFUL!



DON'T TAKE ME BACK
THERE... PLEASE, BILL...
I SIMPLY CAN'T GO
WITH YOU...

POOR LITTLE
THING. WHY, YOUR
HEART IS POUNDING
LIKE A SCARED
RABBIT



TELL ME RIGHT
THIS MINUTE...
WHAT ABOUT THAT
MAN FRIGHTENS
YOU?

THAT'S THE MAN
WHO SENT FOR ME,
BILL! THAT'S LES
SIMPSON! I HATE HIM
NOW, AND I DON'T
WANT TO MEET
HIM!



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
THAT MAN THERE... I
CAN'T MEET HIM...
PLEASE, BILL...
PLEASE...

WHAT MAN?
WHAT ARE
YOU TRYING
TO SAY,
CINDY?



SO THAT'S THE VAMPIRE WHO SENT
YOU THOSE SWEET, TALKIN' LETTERS!
I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO COME
BACK WITH ME NOW, CINDY! WE'VE A
LITTLE BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!



IT WASN'T UNTIL CINDY SAW THE TWO MEN STANDING TOGETHER THAT SHE SUDDENLY BECAME AWARE OF A FANTASTIC FACT... THE ANGRY MAN AND THE COVERING ONE WERE BROTHERS!

YOU SENT THIS PICTURE TO CINDY DIDN'T YOU?

YES, BILL... BUT ONLY FOR LAUGHS! I EVEN SAID MY NAME WAS SIMPSON!

YOU'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO BEAR THE NAME OF YOUR FAMILY! I OUGHT TO

DON'T BILL... IT WAS ALL A JOKE... BUT SHE TOOK IT SERIOUSLY! YOU KNOW I WAS LEAVING FOR EL PASO TODAY

BILL'S FACE WAS WHITE AS HE RELEASED HIS BROTHER... AND AS IF RELIEVED TO ESCAPE UNHARMED LEG SHAKED OFF IN GREAT HASTE



I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO YOU, CINDY... IF THE TRAIN WAS PASSING THROUGH, I'D PUT YOU RIGHT ON IT SO YOU COULD FORGET THIS PLACE FOREVER!

OH, YOU WOULDN'T, BILL GREY! THIS GIRL HAS BEEN THROUGH ENOUGH! I'M TAKING HER TO MY ROOM TO REST!

THINK YOU CAN TRUST THE REST OF THIS FAMILY AFTER YOUR EXPERIENCE?

I'LL STAY, BILL, TO THANK YOU...

YOU AND MARY HAVE BEEN WONDERFUL TO ME... I'LL BE VERY HAPPY TO

COULDN'T SHE WILL... COME ON NOW, CINDY, I'M GOING TO FEED YOU AND SEE THAT YOU GET SOME REST UNTIL TRAIN TIME TOMORROW!



CINDY NEVER EXPECTED THAT SHE'D HATE TO LEAVE THE TOWN SHE DREADED COMING TO BUT WHEN THE TIME DID ARRIVE FOR HER TO CATCH THE HOME-BOUND TRAIN SHE ALMOST WISHED IT WOULD NEVER HAPPEN...

YOU MUST BE TIRED OF HEARING ME SAY THANK YOU, MARY...

I'M SORRY YOU'RE NOT STAYING, CINDY!



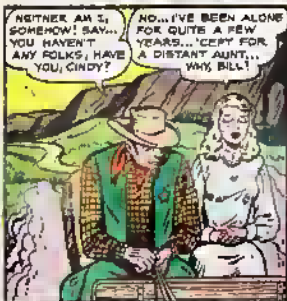
GUESS YOU'RE GLAD TO LEAVE, EH, HONEY?

O—DON'T SAY THAT, BILL! I'M NOT GLAD AT ALL!



NEITHER AM I, SOMEHOW! SAY... YOU HAVEN'T ANY FOLKS, HAVE YOU, CINDY?

NO... I'VE BEEN ALONE FOR QUITE A FEW YEARS... 'CEPT FOR A DISTANT AUNT... WHY, BILL?



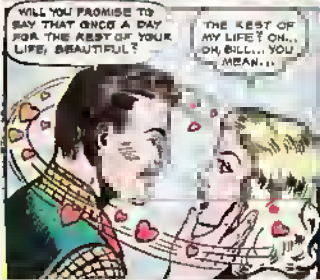
I WAS WONDERING WHO I'D HAVE TO ASK FIRST... THEN OR YOU... WILL YOU STAY, CINDY?

OH, BILL... HOW CAN I NOW? I'M SO ASHAMED... AND YOU'RE SO WONDERFUL!



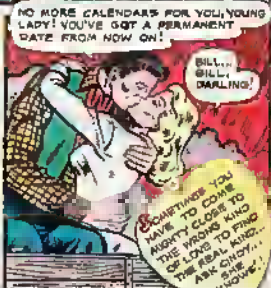
WILL YOU PROMISE TO SAY THAT ONCE A DAY FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE, BEAUTIFUL?

THE REST OF MY LIFE? OH... OH, BILL... YOU MEAN...



NO MORE CALENDARS FOR YOU, YOUNG LADY! YOU'VE GOT A PERMANENT DATE FROM NOW ON!

BILL... BILL, DARLING!



I had a **SECOND CHANCE!**

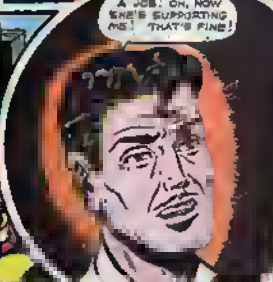
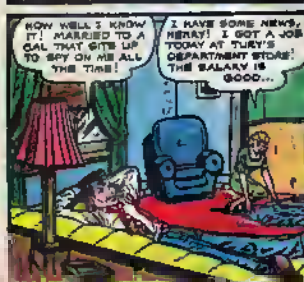
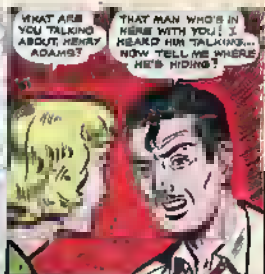
I GAVE UP DREAMING
OF A DIFFERENT LIFE...
I EVEN ABANDONED
HOPE... THEN SUDDENLY
LIFE OFFERED ME A
PRICELESS GIFT... A
SECOND CHANCE TO LOVE

WE HADN'T BEEN
LONG MARRIED WHEN
KENNY STARTED TO
ACT UP... HE COULDN'T
SEEM TO HOLD A JOB
AND HE CONSTANTLY
STAYED AWAY FROM
HOME...

HE'LL COME HOME
WHEN HE GETS
HUNGRY AS USUAL...
BUT EVERY TIME HE
WOULDN'T BE IN
CONDITION TO
TALK WITH...

OEE, SOMEWHERE
LIFE MUST BE
GOOD... FOR
SOMEONE...





MY JOB
DIDN'T MAKE
ANY CHANGE
IN HENRY...
BUT AT LEAST
I DIDN'T
HAVE TO
WORRY SO
MUCH ABOUT
PAYING OUR
BILLS... THE
NIGHTS WERE
ALWAYS THE
SAME... WAITING
FOR HIM...
ONLY I WAS
MORE TIRED
NOW...

AS USUAL NO SIGN OF
HIM! I WISH I COULD
FORGET ABOUT HIM
AND GET TO SLEEP...
BUT I'LL WAIT...

...THE RADIO WAS MY
CONSTANT COMPANION!
BUT THAT NIGHT...

THE FOURTEENTH!
WHY TOMORROW IS
OUR WEDDING
ANNIVERSARY!

AND WHO
WAS A REMINDER
TO MAKE ON HIS
FOURTEENTH
OF THE
1 MONTH

HELLO, MR. KANE
THIS IS MARY
ADAMS. WOULD
YOU PLAY A
CERTAIN SONG FOR
ME TOMORROW
EVENING THANK
YOU. THE SONG IS...

WHO ARE YOU
GABING WITH
AT THIS HOUR
OF THE NIGHT?

OH! HENRY...
SO YOU'RE
HOME...

WAIT, HENRY! BEFORE
YOU RETIRE I WANT TO
ASK YOU SOMETHING! DO
YOU KNOW WHAT DAY
TOMORROW IS?

SURE... TUESDAY!
WHAT'S THIS, A
GUESSING GAME?

...AND HE DIDN'T
REMEMBER...
HENRY JUST WASN'T
MEANT TO BE A
HUSBAND, I GUESS...
OR WAS I AT FAULT
SOMEHOW?

WHAT CAN I
DO? HE HARDLY
SPEAKS TO ME...
IT'S AS IF HE
WERE TOTAL
STRANGERS...

...THE NEXT NIGHT I PLANNED A SURPRISE PARTY DINNER. IT WAS JUST LUCK THAT HENRY LOAFED ABOUT THE HOUSE AND DIDN'T GO OUT, NOR DID HE EXPRESS ANY INTEREST IN WHAT I WAS DOING...

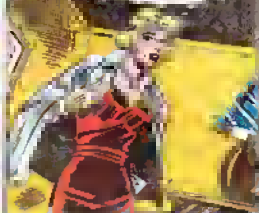


...I WAS ALONE AGAIN... HENRY HAD STORMED OUT OF THE HOUSE IN HIS FIT OF TEMPER, BUT SUDDENLY THE RADIO BROADCASTED A LIVING NIGHTMARE...

THAT'S HENRY! HE'S ATTACKING RED KANE!



OH, HENRY, HOW COULD YOU DO SUCH A THING! I'VE GOT TO GET DOWN THERE... WHAT SHALL I DO?



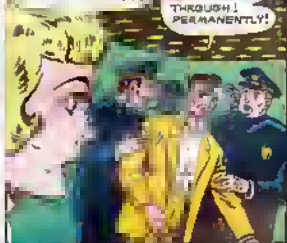
...WHEN I ARRIVED AT THE BROADCASTING STATION, A CROWD HAD ALREADY GATHERED... NEWS... ESPECIALLY THIS KIND OF NEWS TRAVELS FAST...

THERE HE IS! THE POLICE HAVE HIM! OH, HENRY... HENRY...



HENRY... WHAT SHALL I DO? TELL ME...

GET LOST! YOU GOT TO GET THROUGH! PERMANENTLY!



AS THEY LED HIM OFF, I STOOD THERE SHAKING WITH FRIGHT AND SICK WITH SHAME... AND THEN I HEARD A FAMILIAR VOICE...

PARDON ME, ARE YOU HIS WIFE? ARE YOU MARY ADAMS?



COME... I'LL TAKE YOU HOME. THAT'S A PRETTY ROUGH MAN YOU MARRIED, MRS. ADAMS...

I APOLOGIZE FOR HIM, MR. KANE... I'M SO HUMILIATED... AND SO SORRY...



BOO KANE:
THE FAMOUS
DISC JOCKEY,
WAS A
GENTLEMAN
THROUGH AND
THROUGH...
AS HE
ESCORTED
ME TO OUR
LITTLE FLAT,
HE TRIED IN
EVERY WAY
TO MAKE LIGHT
OF THE
HORRIBLE
INCIDENT...
AND AS WE
APPROACHED
MY DOOR...

MRS. ADAMS, THE POLICE HAVE
BEEN TRYING TO GET IN TOUCH
WITH YOU! SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED!

I KNOW ALL
ABOUT IT MISS
STONE THANK
YOU...

YES, I KNOW,
AND THE WHOLE
TOWN KNOWS...

SHE DOESN'T
UNDERSTAND!
I'M TRYING TO
TELL HER THE
POLICE SAID...

SAID
WHAT,
MAM?

YOU'D BETTER SIT DOWN
MRS. ADAMS, IT'S BAD
NEWS! HENRY'S BEEN
KILLED! HE BROKE AWAY
FROM THE POLICE AND
DASHED OUT INTO TRAFFIC
TO ESCAPE... AND A
TRUCK...

HENRY KILLED!
DID YOU SAY
KILLED?

EASY
NOW...

YOUR NEIGHBOR WAS
RIGHT, MARY... YOU'D
BETTER SIT DOWN...

NO... I'M ALL
RIGHT... I JUST
CAN'T BELIEVE
HENRY'S DEAD...

I—I'M ALMOST RELIEVED
I KNOW YOU MUST THINK I'M
HORRIBLE, BUT I'M
RELIEVED! DOES THAT
SOUND DREADFUL,
MR. KANE?

I THINK I UNDERSTAND...AND SOME-
TIME... SOON...I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU
AGAIN, MARY ADAMS! DOES THAT
SOUND DREADFUL?

...ROD KANE WENT OUT
OF HIS WAY TO BE KIND
TO ME, BUT I DECIDED
NOT TO SEE HIM AS
OFTEN AS HE WANTED...
MY REASON WAS VERY
PERSONAL... I HAD
FALLEN IN LOVE WITH
HIM... BUT THAT
WAS MY SECRET,
UNTIL...

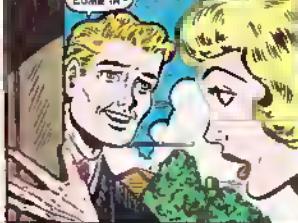
MORE FLOWERS!
OH, ROD... YOU'RE
MAKING THINGS
SO DIFFICULT
FOR ME...



SUDDENLY A KNOCK ON
THE DOOR DISTURBED
MY DREAMS...

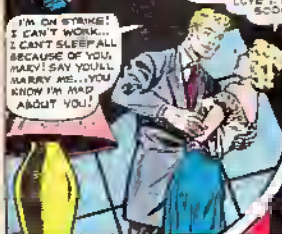
ROD! WHY AREN'T
YOU AT THE
BROADCASTING
STATION?

MAY I
COME IN?



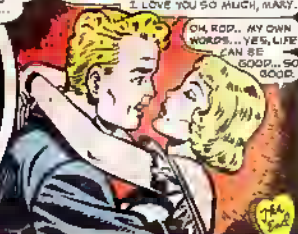
MARRY! BUT
ROD, DON'T YOU
SEE, YOU'RE ALL
MIXED UP. YOU ONLY
PITY ME. IT CAN'T BE
LOVE... SO
SOON...

I'M ON STRIKE!
I CAN'T WORK...
I CAN'T SLEEP ALL
BECAUSE OF YOU,
MARY! SAY YOU'LL
MARRY ME... YOU
KNOW I'M MAD
ABOUT YOU!



YOU'VE BEEN UNHAPPY SO LONG, MARY,
DARLING! LET ME SHOW YOU THAT
LIFE CAN BE GOOD... AND WONDERFUL.
I LOVE YOU SO MUCH, MARY...

OH, ROD... MY OWN
WORDS... YES, LIFE
CAN BE
GOOD... SO
GOOD.



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ALL TRUE ROMANCE

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